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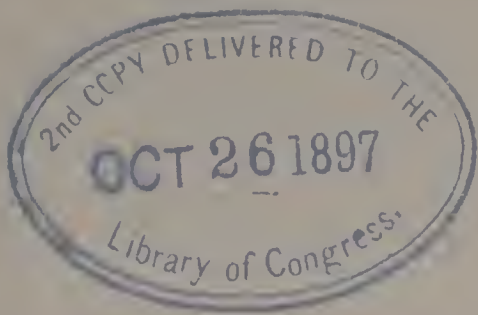
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JUPITER JINGLES

OR A
TRIP
TO
MYSTERY-LAND



LAIRD & LEE
CHICAGO



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Well will you just look at that baby?
If he isn't the sauciest thing.
The rogue calmly claims our whole country
No wonder they say he is king!

For like a young monarch he sits there
As though he were made to be kissed.
And over the broad blue At-lan-tic
He points with a small chubby fist:





Past Spain, the most gorgeous of yellows,
And Italy, that long purple piece,
We see such a beautiful crimson, —
And that is the country of Greece.

Here lived, in the long-ago ages
— Many hundreds of years it is true —
The people who told to their children,
These stories I'm telling to you.

JUPITER JINGLES

OR

A TRIP TO MYSTERY-LAND

BY
ANNETTA
STRATFORD
CRAFTS

CHICAGO
LAIRD & LEE
PUBLISHERS



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JUST A WORD.

The impressions of our childhood linger with us always; in the memory of many a gray-beard or wrinkled dame sit enthroned the shadows of the "Queen of Curds and Cream," and of "Old King Cole." The love of the grotesque is instinct in every child, but it may be as easily gratified with the charming legends from the classics (with which every educated person is bound to become familiar) as with the story of the famous boy who "sang for his supper," or of that unfortunate "Lucy Locket." I would not deny to childhood the beloved companionship of old time nursery rhymes; they are the legitimate first love of every childish heart—but why not serve, with nonsense, a little knowledge slyly hidden?

And with this belief I send forth the "Jupiter Jingles," trusting that they may creep into the corners of some little hearts not quite filled by "Mother Goose."

THE AUTHOR.





THE Jingles

Jupiter-Jove and Juno
The Sea-King
A Ride on the River Styx
Jupiter's Messenger
A Warrior Bold
The Birth of Venus
A Joke on Jupiter
Prometheus
The Beautiful Harvest Queen
The Prince who Stole a Ride
The Tale of a Tail
Heedless Hebe
Venus and Vulcan
Ganymede
The Nine Muses
The Cyclops
The Princess of Fire
Cupid
Orpheus and Eurydice
The Story of Pandora
Venus and Adonis
The Cave of Sleep



JUPITER-JOVE AND JUNO.*

Ju-pit-er Jove
 Lived in a grove
 On top of the mountain O-*lymp-us*;
 He was king of the air,
 He had long golden hair;
 Sing ho! Sing high diddle dympus.

He sat on a throne
 Of gold and bright stone
 And in his right hand was the thunder;
 His wife was sweet *Ju-no*
 Who sang a sweet tune-o,
 'Twas ho! 'Twas high diddle dunder.

What do you think
 Was their food and their drink?
 They called it "*am-bro-sia*" and "*nec-tar*;"
 It sounds very fine,
 But 'twas just cake and wine;
 Sing ho! Sing high diddle dectar.

*The Roman names are used in nearly every instance as they are simpler and more familiar than the Grecian.



THE SEA KING

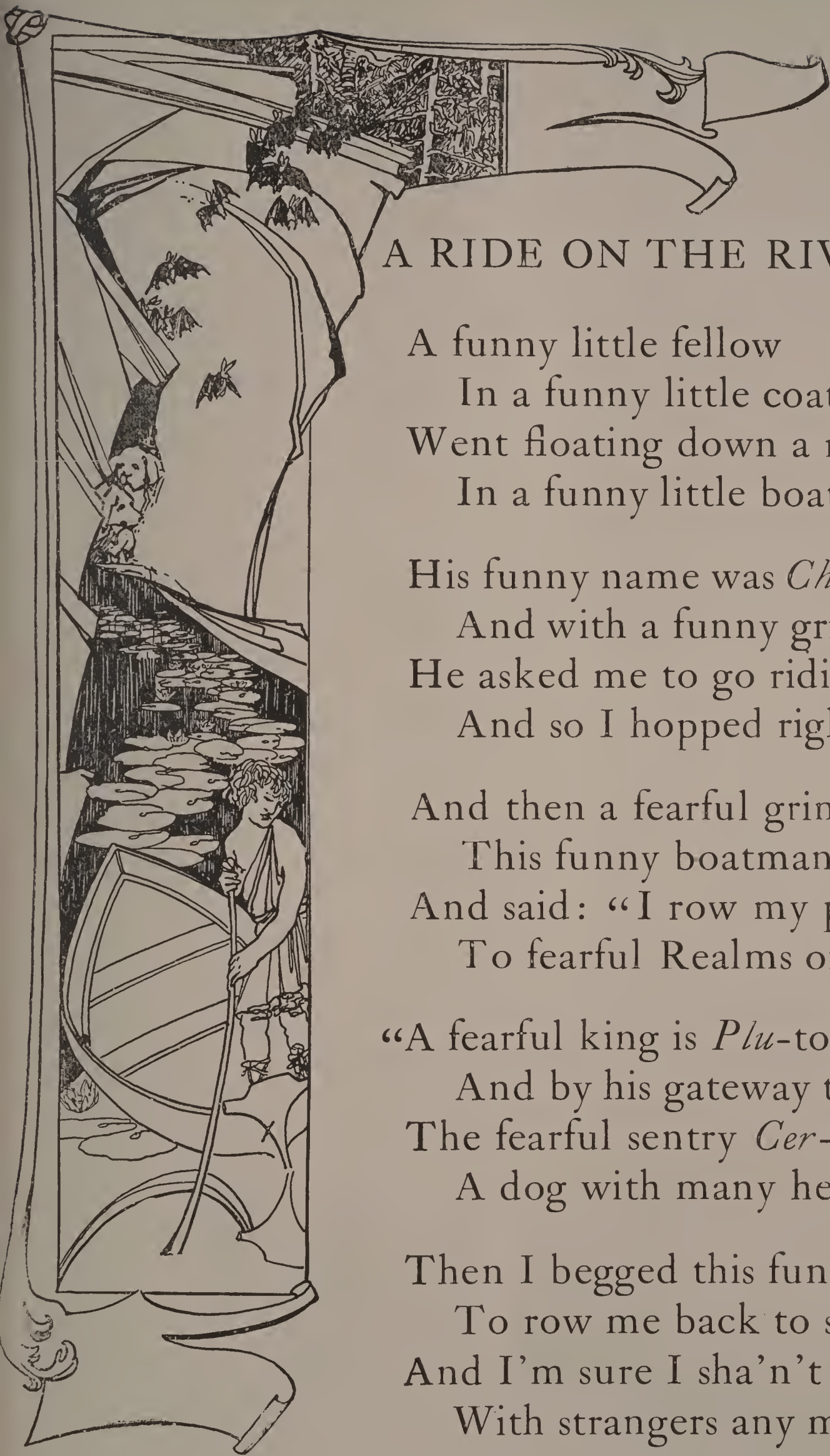
Old *Nep-tune* was the ruler
Of the roaring, raging sea,
And o'er the foaming billows
He ruled right royally.

'Way down among the fishes
In a palace made of gold,
He used the shells for dishes
And dispatched the oyster bold.

His scepter was a trident
—Just like a big harpoon—
He used it for an oyster-fork,
He used it for a spoon.

His carriage was a sea-shell
All lined with palest pink,
And drawn by three sea-horses
Whose chains went chink-te-chink.





A RIDE ON THE RIVER STYX.

A funny little fellow
In a funny little coat,
Went floating down a river
In a funny little boat.

His funny name was *Cha-ron*,*
And with a funny grin
He asked me to go riding,
And so I hopped right in.

And then a fearful grimace
This funny boatman made,
And said: "I row my passengers
To fearful Realms of Shade.

"A fearful king is *Plu-to*,
And by his gateway treads
The fearful sentry *Cer-be-rus*,
A dog with many heads."

Then I begged this funny fellow
To row me back to shore,
And I'm sure I sha'n't go riding
With strangers any more.

* *Cha*--- pronounced *ka*—.

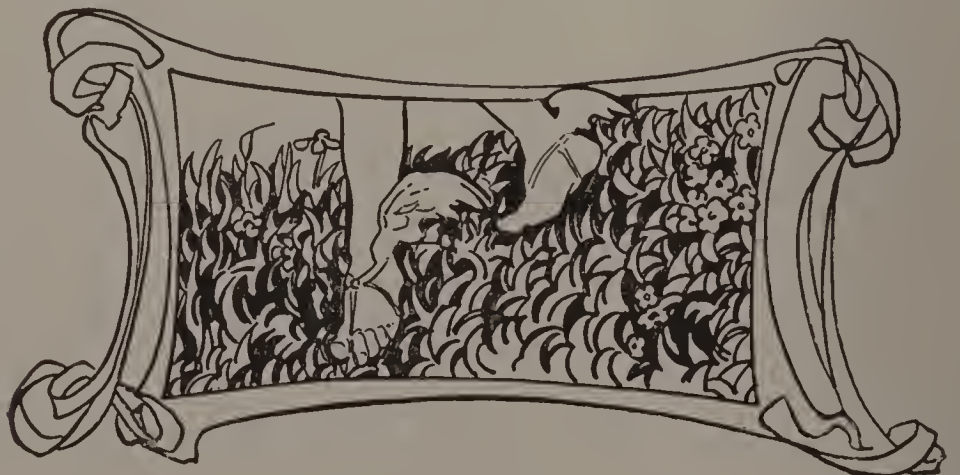


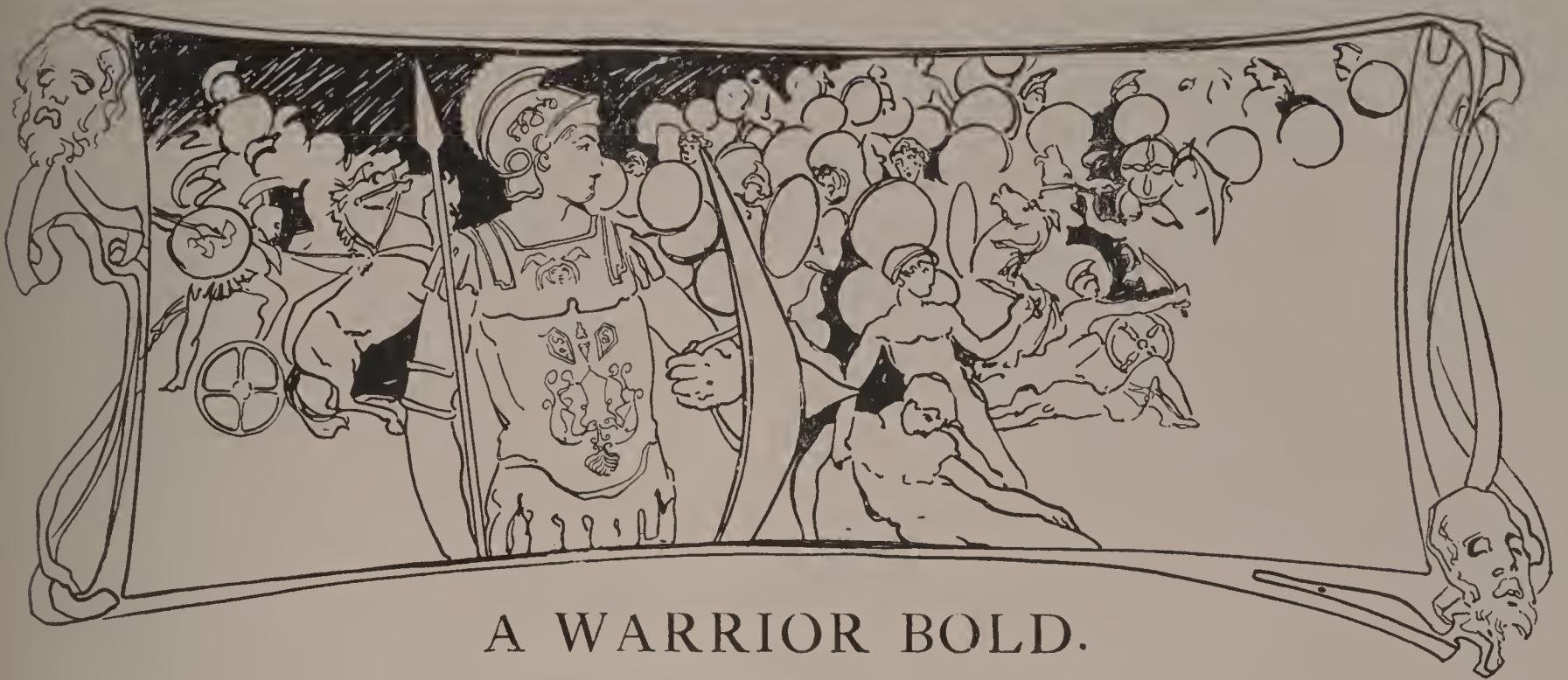
JUPITER'S MESSENGER BOY.

A merry, merry messenger
Was merry *Mer-cu-ry*,
And for his master *Ju-pit-er*
He flew right merrily.

With wings on cap and sandals,
He whistled as he flew;
So merrily he whistled
That the wind it whistled too.

The reason he was merry
(I'm sure 'tis so with you)
Was because he did so cheerfully
The things he had to do.





A WARRIOR BOLD.

If the best of all warriors
Was called “Mr. Mars,”
I wonder, I wonder,
It doesn’t rhyme “wars.”

Now Mars was a giant
With a voice so immense
It raised as much clamor
As 10,000 men’s.

When Mars went to battle
He was covered with tin;
The tin it would rattle
And the battle he’d win.

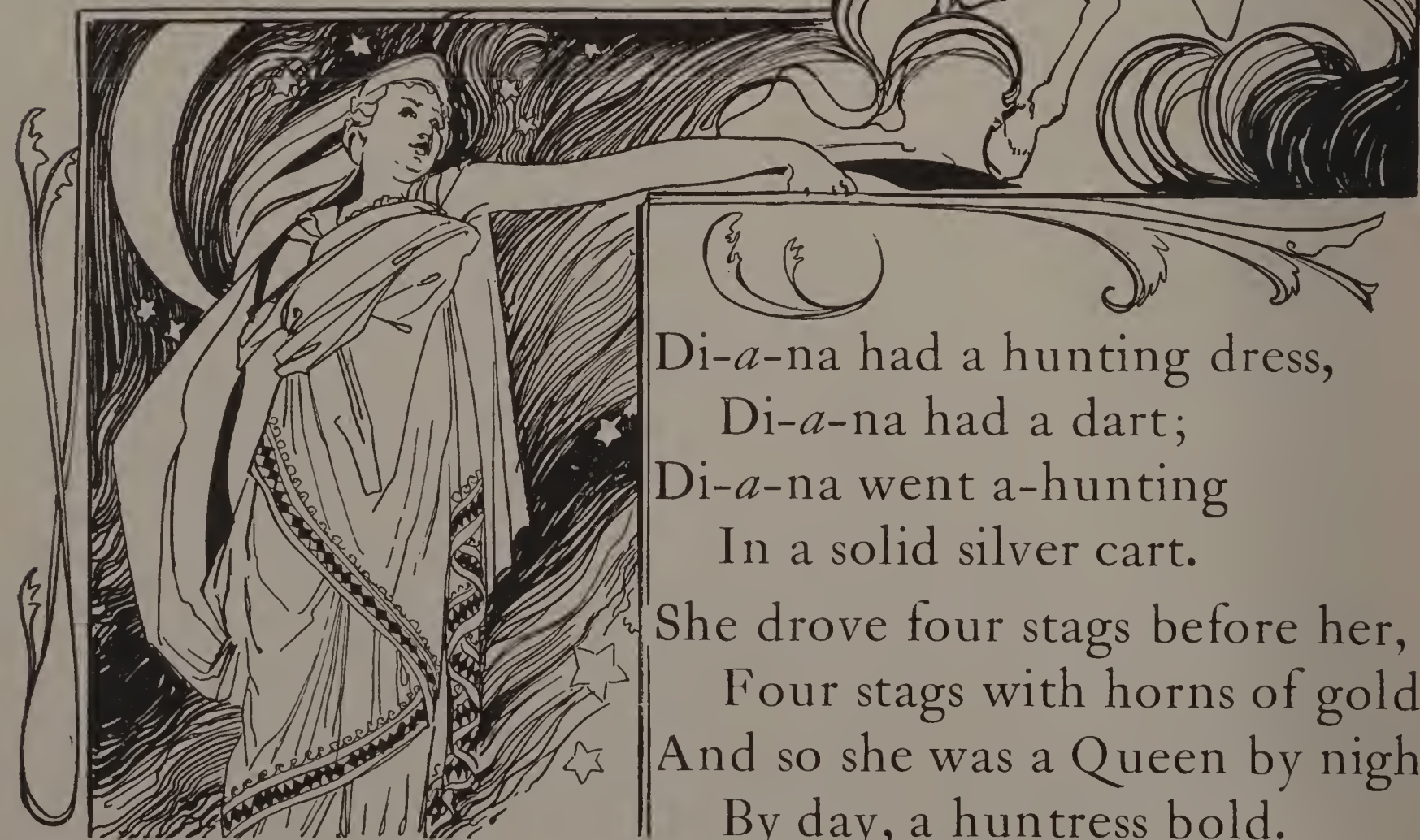
He had a tin helmet,
He had a tin shoe,
And I’m not at all certain
But his wig was tin too.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

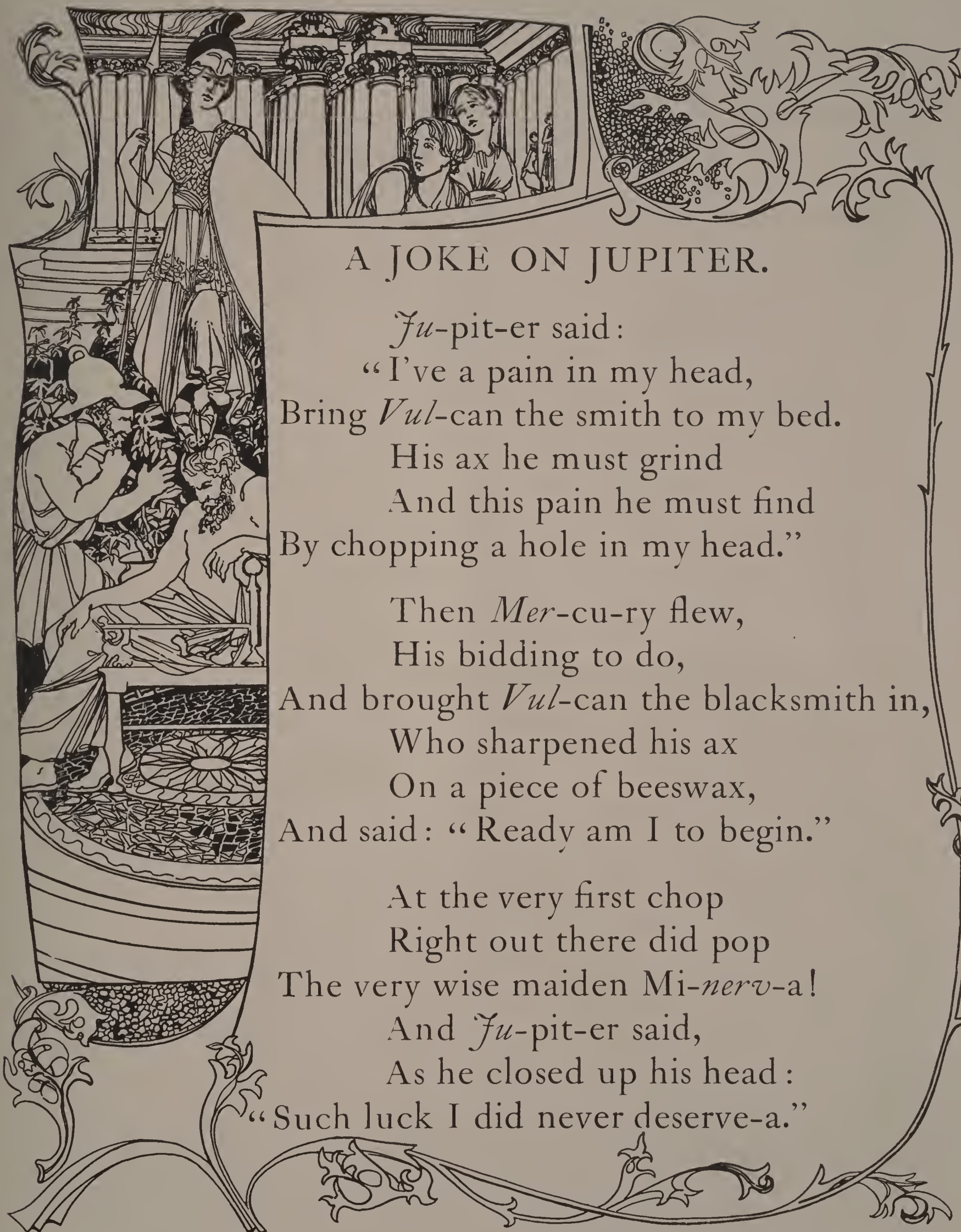
A-pol-lo ruled the sun, they say,
 Di-a-na ruled the moon,
 So she was Queen at night, you see,
 And he was King at noon.

A pretty pair of twins were they,
 Both beautiful and bright,
 But how could they help being both
 When having so much *light*.



Di-a-na had a hunting dress,
 Di-a-na had a dart;
 Di-a-na went a-hunting
 In a solid silver cart.

She drove four stags before her,
 Four stags with horns of gold;
 And so she was a Queen by night,
 By day, a huntress bold.



A JOKE ON JUPITER.

Ju-pit-er said:

“I’ve a pain in my head,
Bring *Vul*-can the smith to my bed.
His ax he must grind
And this pain he must find
By chopping a hole in my head.”

Then *Mer*-cu-ry flew,
His bidding to do,
And brought *Vul*-can the blacksmith in,
Who sharpened his ax
On a piece of beeswax,
And said: “Ready am I to begin.”

At the very first chop
Right out there did pop
The very wise maiden *Mi-ner*v-a!
And *Ju*-pit-er said,
As he closed up his head:
“Such luck I did never deserve-a.”

A black and white line drawing of Prometheus, a bearded man in a long robe, chained to a large rock. He is holding a torch aloft, from which a flame is visible. In the background, a large eagle is perched on a rocky outcrop, looking towards the man. The scene is set in a rugged, mountainous landscape. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border with a repeating pattern of small circles and stylized floral motifs.

PROMETHEUS.

Pro-*me*-theus* stole
Some fire from Jove
And used it in
His own cook-stove.

Then Jove did rave
And tear his hair,
And poor Pro-*me*-theus
Off did bear.

Where chained to a rock
Beside a river
A vulture feasted
On his liver.

And every time
The bird got through
Another liver
Always grew.

*—*theus*, pronounced as if spelled —*thuse*.



THE BEAUTIFUL HARVEST QUEEN.

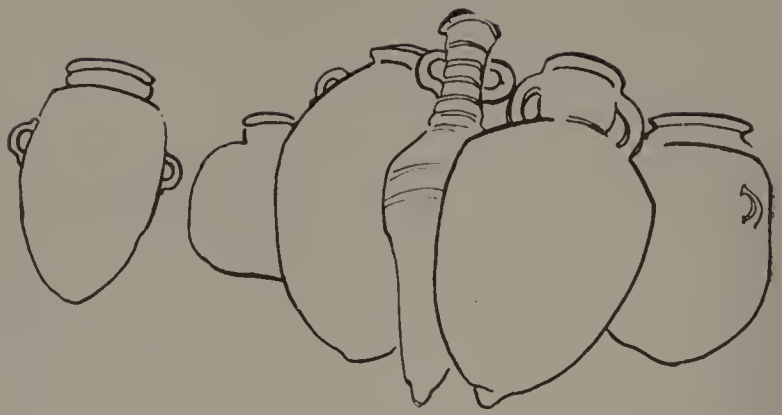
Ce-res had a grain of corn,
She put it in the ground,
And then she put another in
And drew a ring around;
The wind it blew,
And the corn it grew,
In a manner mysterious,
But *Ce-res* did reap,
And never did weep
And never looked *se-rious*.



THE TALE OF A TAIL.

Listen to me and I'll tell you a tale
Of the beautiful eyes in the peacock's tail;
How *Ju-no* was jealous of *I-o*, and how
She made the poor lady change into a cow,
And set there to watch her and keep off the flies
A giant called *Ar-gus* with one hundred eyes;
But *Ju-pit-er* pitied poor *I-o*, and said
That she could change back if *Ar-gus* were dead.
So *Mer-cu-ry* bravely flew down all alone
And the hundred-eyed *Ar-gus* he slew with a stone.
Then *Ju-no* just gathered his eyes in a pail
And set them all into her peacock's long tail.
And if you will look, you will find it is true
That the tail of the peacock has eyes of bright blue.





HEEDLESS HEBE.

(THE CARELESS CUP-BEARER.)

Jove and *Ju-no* gave a feast,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*;
Songs and laughter never ceased,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*.

“Here’s your nectar—let us drink!”
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*.
All the glasses went ka-chink!
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*.

Little lady ran pell-mell,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*;
Stubbed her dainty toe and fell,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*.



Spilt the nectar on the floor,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*,
Fu-no turned her from the door,
“Heigho!” cried Miss *He-be*.

“Heedless habit never pays!”
Fu-no cried to *He-be*,
“Heedless ways breed deedless days.”
“You know!” sighed poor *He-be*.





THE PRINCE WHO STOLE A RIDE.

A-pol-lo was king of the sunshine
And drove the gold car of the sun,
But 'twas stolen one morn, bright and early
By *Phae-ton** his rising young son.

Then, alas, with the stars and the planets
Did the capering horses collide!
While *Phae-ton* so frightened was vowing
He'd never again steal a ride.

They nearly set fire to this planet
And that was the end of his ride,
For *Phae-ton* fell out in a river
And there in the water he died.

On the banks his two sisters stood weeping
And turned into trees it appears;
There they stand to this day, softly weeping
The most beautiful real amber tears.

**Phae*—, pronounced as if spelled *Fay*—.





VENUS AND VULCAN.

Vul-can was a blacksmith
And *Ve*-nus was his wife;
She was Queen of Beauty
And he was lame for life.

He was a clever blacksmith,
And the story books will tell
How the caps he forged would render
A man invisible.

His hammer was an iron one,
His anvil was of junk;
His anvil went a-humming,
And his hammer went ka-chunk!



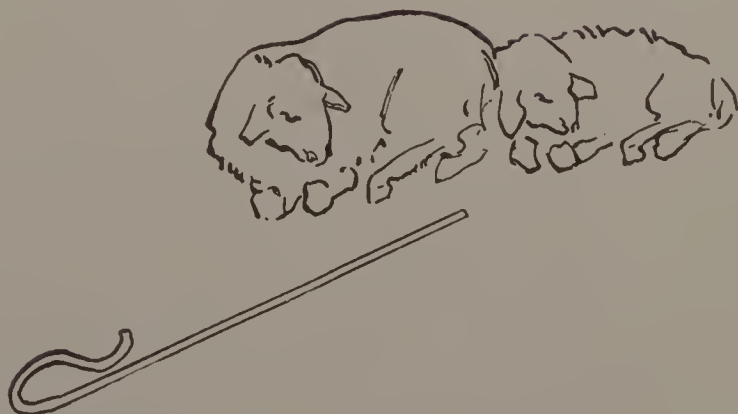


GANYMEDE.

(THE CAREFUL CUP-BEARER.)

Gan-y-mede
His flocks did feed
Upon a mountain side-o,
When quick as wink
What do you think
Did snatch him up to ride-o?

An eagle took
Him in his hook,
And to O-*lymp*-us flew-o.
Now when they dine
He pours the wine
For *Ju*-pit-er and *Ju*-no.





THE NINE MUSES.

Nine pretty lasses, all so neat,
Once lived on Mount Par-*nass*-us;
There were no lasses half so sweet,
Excepting sweet mo-lasses.

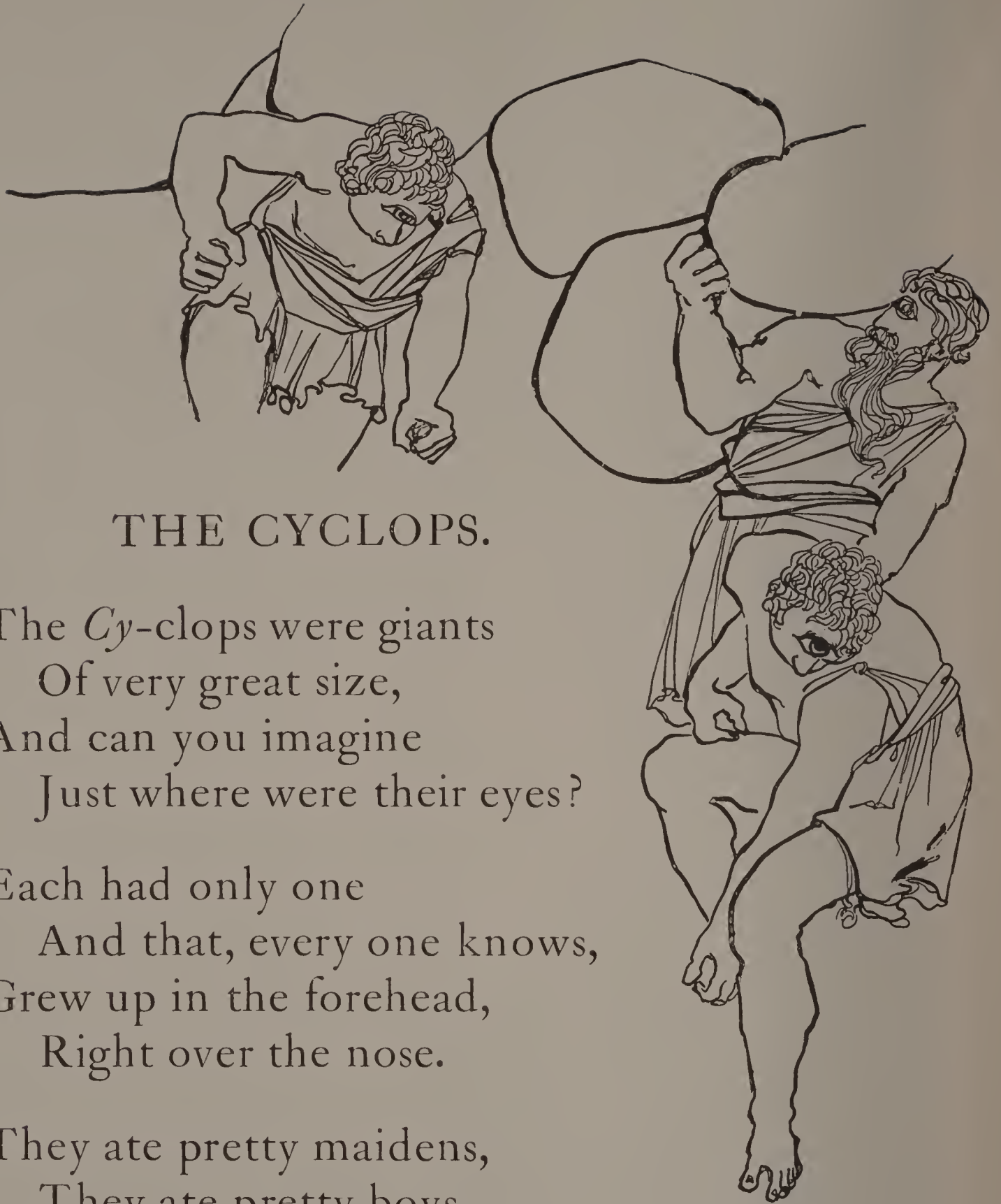
There was Polly *Hym*-ni-a so coy,
And *Cli*-o was another;
A-*pol*-lo was the only boy,
And he was their half-brother.

And one did dance, and one did sing,
And one did play the fiddle,
And “’round the rosey” they would ring,
A-*pol*-lo in the middle.

They caught a horse with wings one day,
With gentle care they tamed him;
Upon his back they’d fly away,
And *Peg*-a-sus they named him.

They did all sorts of jolly things
And called themselves the *Mu*-ses,
And so we say that jolly things
Do always so a-*muse* us.



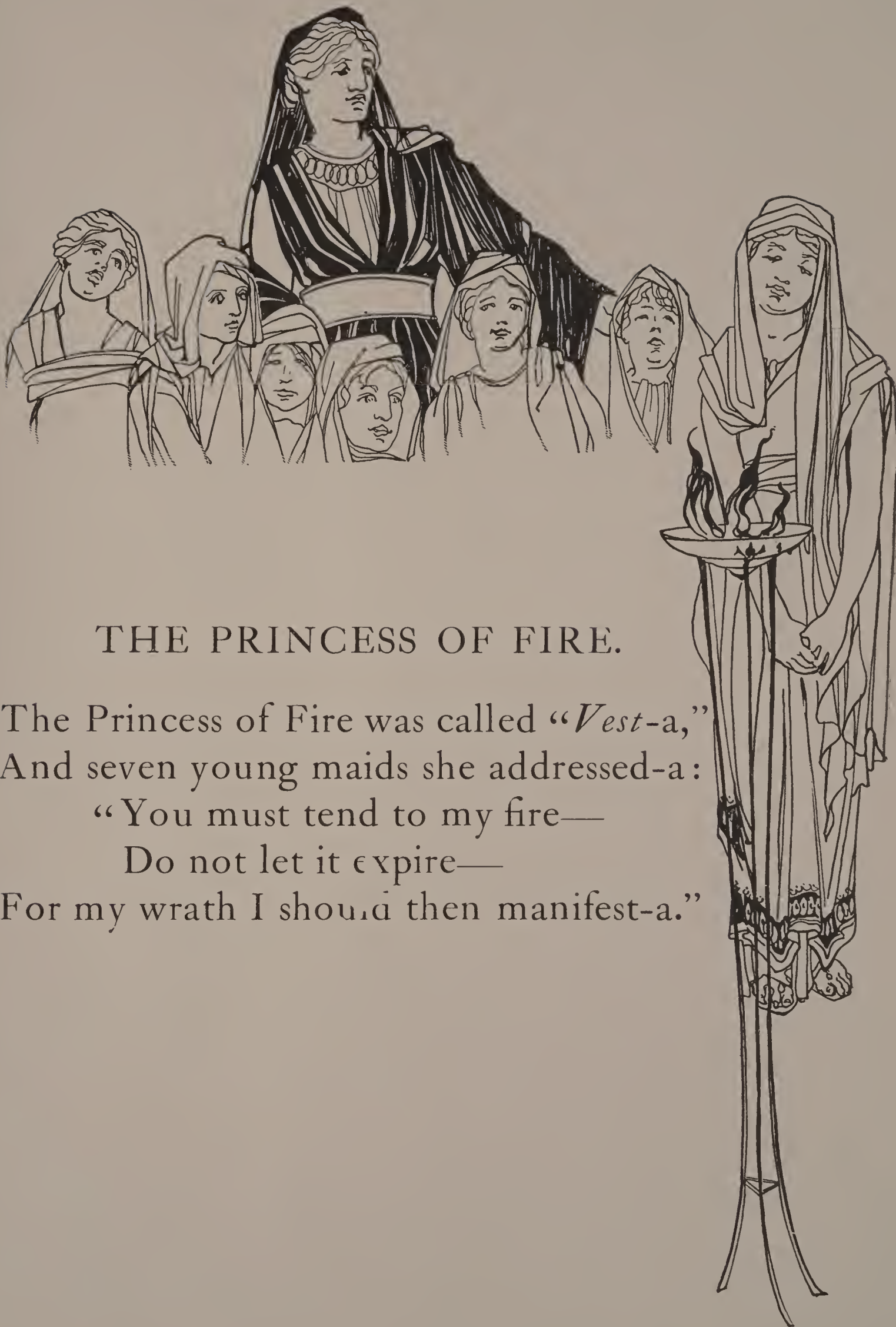


THE CYCLOPS.

The *Cy*-clops were giants
Of very great size,
And can you imagine
Just where were their eyes?

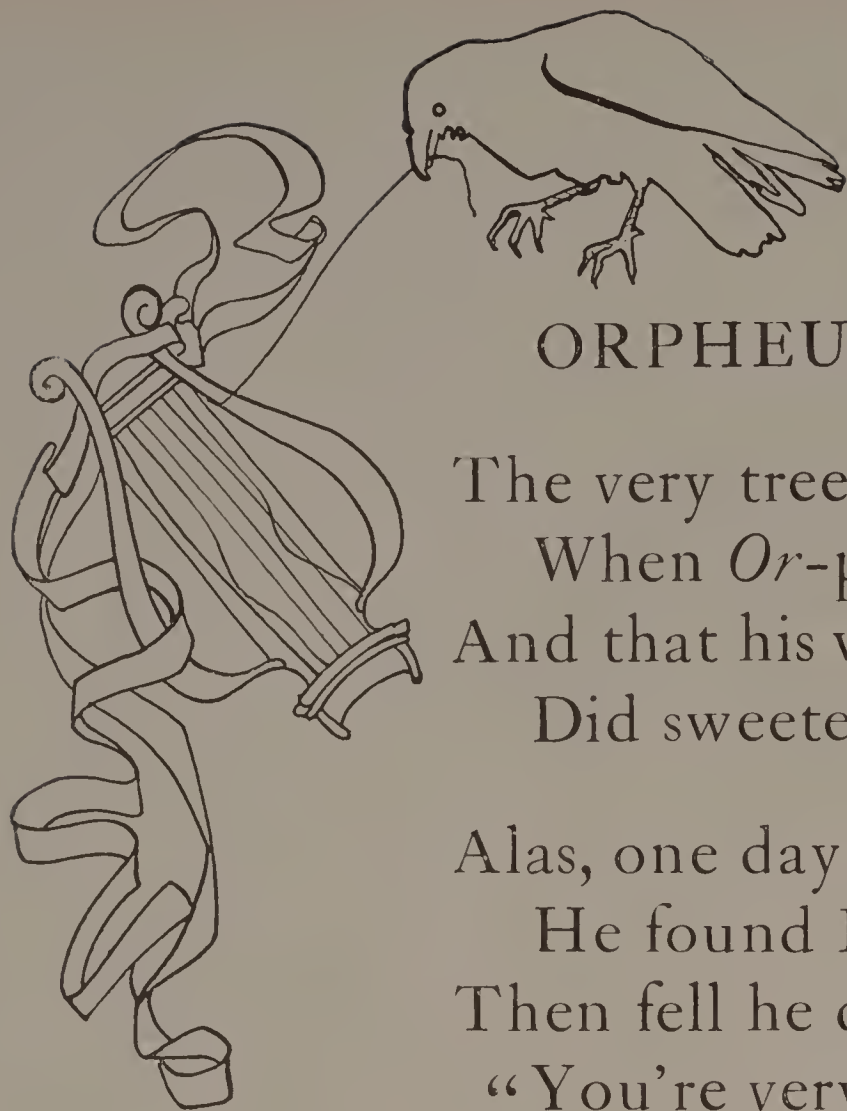
Each had only one
And that, every one knows,
Grew up in the forehead,
Right over the nose.

They ate pretty maidens,
They ate pretty boys,
Till pretty *A-pol-lo*
Put an end to their joys.



THE PRINCESS OF FIRE.

The Princess of Fire was called "*Vest-a*,"
And seven young maids she addressed-a:
 "You must tend to my fire—
 Do not let it expire—
For my wrath I should then manifest-a."



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

The very trees would dance, they say,
When *Or-pheus** played his lyre,
And that his wife *Eu-ryd-i-ce*
Did sweetest songs inspire.

Alas, one day, a-dying
He found *Eu-ryd-i-ce*,
Then fell he down, a-crying:
“You’re very dead, I see.”

A serpent green had stung her
While in a grassy glade,
And so old *Cha-ron* rowed her
To *Plu-to*’s realm of shade.

But *Or-pheus* followed after
And so sweetly did he play,
That the air was filled with laughter
And night was turned to day.

Said *Or-pheus* unto *Plu-to*:
“Return my wife to me.”
Said *Plu-to* unto *Or-pheus*:
“Return—she’ll follow thee.”

* —*pheus*, pronounced as if spelled —*fuse*.



“Yet on her face you must not gaze
As through my realms you roam,
But follow straight your crooked nose
And point that nose toward home.”

Then *Or-pheus* took *Eu-ryd-i-ce*
And led her by the hand;
Alas! his curiosity
Was more than he could stand.

He turned and looked upon her face—
She vanished from his gaze!
For when a person disobeys,
The *penalty he pays*.





CUPID.


(The Little King of Love.)

Hi! there, ho!
Look out for little *Cu*-pid
With his arrow and his bow.

One, two, three!
(He must be very stupid
For he's aiming straight at me.)

They say he's blind,
But though at hearts he tries to aim
My heart he cannot find,

For, on a day,
You played a roguish game,
You stole my heart away.





THE STORY OF PANDORA.

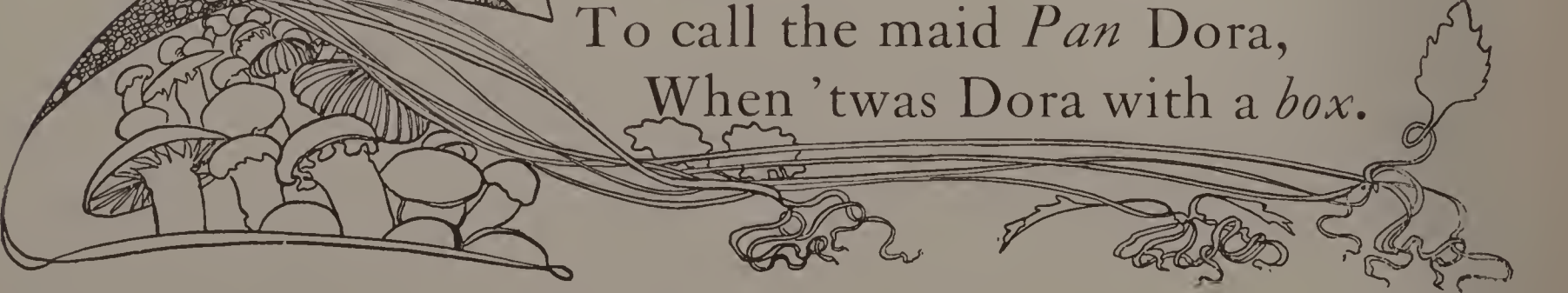
Once *Vul*-can made a dolly
Out of a big mud-pie,
“I’ll make her live, she’s lovely,”
Ju-pit-er Jove did cry.

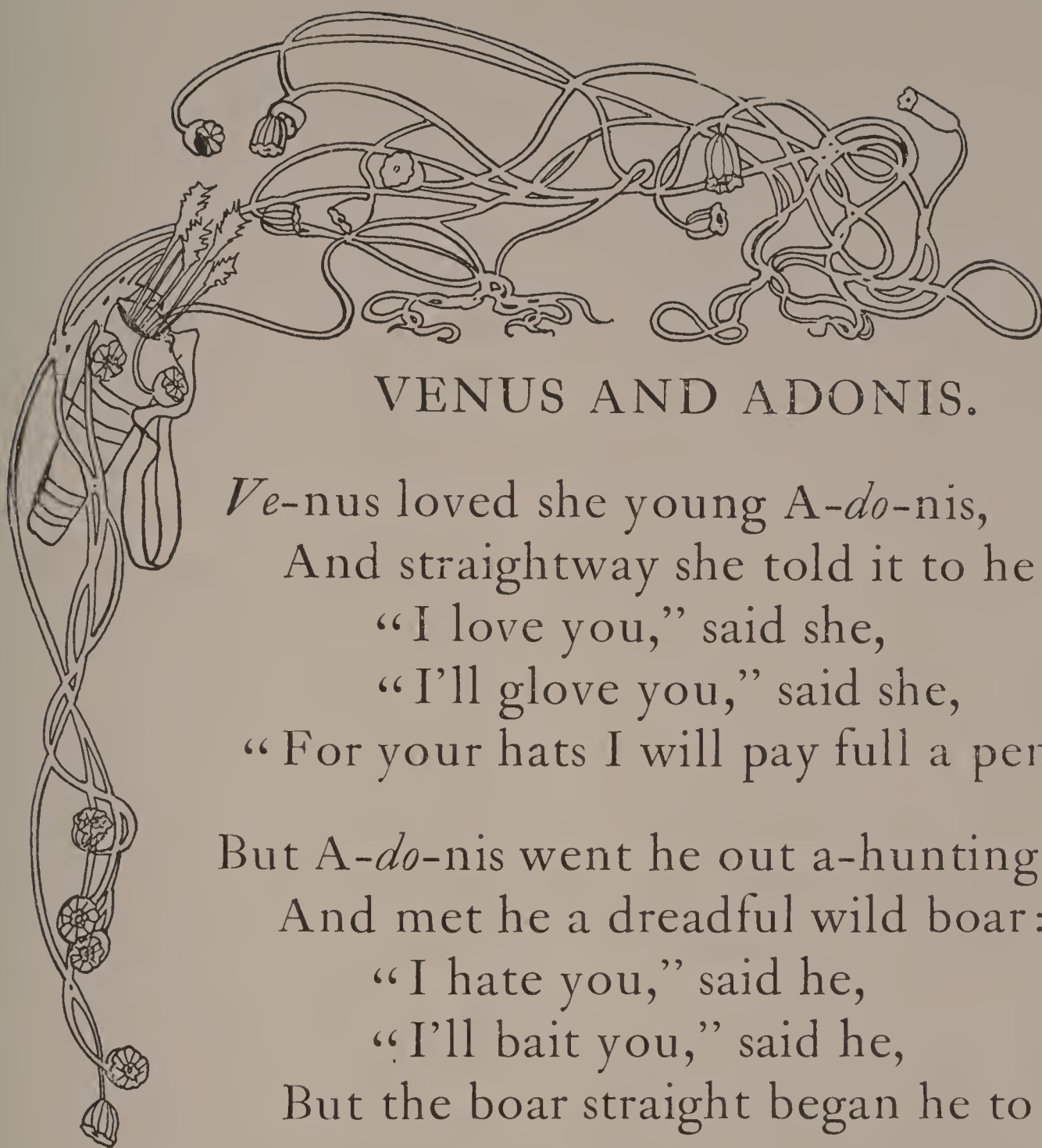
Then *Ve*-nus gave her beauty,
And *Ju*-no gave her gold,
And a box of alabaster
That did a secret hold.

They told her to be careful
And not to lift the lid,
But she was very curious
And so, of course, she did;

When out flew the ghosts of Falsehood
Of War, Disease and Theft!
She closed it in a hurry
And the ghost of Hope was left.

They called the maid *Pan-do-ra*,
Which seems a paradox,
To call the maid *Pan* Dora,
When ’twas Dora with a *box*.



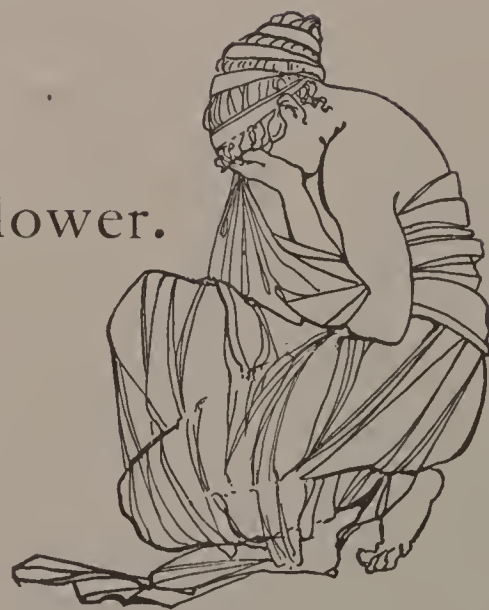


VENUS AND ADONIS.

Ve-nus loved she young *A-do-nis*,
And straightway she told it to he:
“I love you,” said she,
“I’ll glove you,” said she,
“For your hats I will pay full a penny.”

But *A-do-nis* went he out a-hunting,
And met he a dreadful wild boar:
“I hate you,” said he,
“I’ll bait you,” said he,
But the boar straight began he to gore.

Then *Ve-nus* fell she to a-weeping,
Wept she full a fountain an hour:
“I weep you,” said she,
“I’ll keep you,” said she,
And changed he right into a flower.



THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

(A LULLABY.)

A great Latin poet called *Ov*-id
Has told of the Cave of Sleep,
Of the beauty and magic of it,
Where the waters of *Le*-the creep;
How with wings on his shoulders and wings on his head,
Young *Mor*-pheus* keeps watch by the side of one's bed,
And waving his poppy-wand over one's eyes,
Brings dreams most delightful. "Be happy," he cries,
"In this wonderful Cave of Sleep."
So rock-a-by-hush-a-by-rock-a-by-bye,
We're off to the Cave of Sleep.

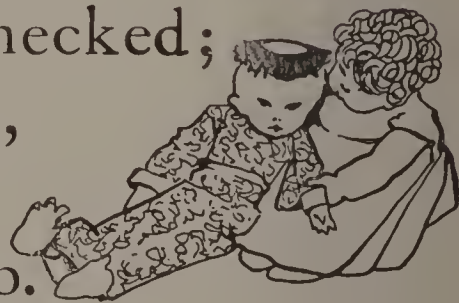


Now listen to me and I'll sing you
A song of this Nowhere land,
And tired little eyes may bring you
A vision of fairy-land;
Where day-dreams bear blossoms and wishes come true,
Where laughter is sunshine and mirth is the dew,
Where fancies are flowerets and sleep is the soil,
And in it the dream-growers sing as they toil
In this wonderful Cave of Sleep.
So rock-a-by-hush-a-by-rock-a-by-bye,
We're off to the Cave of Sleep.



“Now where is this dream-land?” you wonder.
Just off of the shores of day,
And fairies with cobwebs of slumber
Will hide all your troubles away;
For dollies are found there as big as yourself,
And jam-pots are kept on a very low shelf;
And real silver watches have wheels that go round,
And sugar-plums flourish, and good things abound
In this wonderful Cave of Sleep.
So rock-a-by-hush-a-by-rock-a-by-bye,
We’re off to the Cave of Sleep.

“Now is this a ‘real truly’ story?
And how do we get there from here?”
Snuggle down in my arms and we’ll go there,
I’m sure that it’s ever so near.
A kiss for a ticket—and time to collect—
A trunkful of wishes that Day-time has checked;
All snug in a sleeper, so loving and strong,
And over a railroad of silvery song,
We’ll ride to the Cave of Sleep.
So rock-a-by-hush-a-by-rock-a-by-bye,
We’re off to the Cave of Sleep.



*—*pheus*, pronounced as if spelled —*fuse*.

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